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More Than a Business Transaction

By Eleanor Slater

A TRANSACTION which is more than a business transaction is taking place between Iowa Friends and the American Friends Service Committee. Money will change hands to the extent of a dollar a year in rental for the property of the Scattergood School, near West Branch, which the Service Committee is planning to use as a Refugee Hostel. Iowa Conservative Friends are putting the property in condition; Iowa Friends of the Five Years Meeting are providing fittings; both groups are cooperating at real cost and sacrifice to themselves. Yet, in a sense, this transaction is more a spiritual than a material transaction, for new concerns, new avenues of cooperation, and new channels for enthusiasm are being discovered. Iowa Friends, as they build partitions, mix paint, or install electric fixtures—and pay for them—are taking a tremendous burden of detail and expense off the Service Committee. But they are gaining in return a new sense of unity with the plans and purposes of the Service Committee and with each other. They *are* the Service Committee, as never before. The Service Committee rejoices for its part, in each step toward decentralization, toward a wider base for its activities, a more extensive sharing in its plans and responsibilities. If the Scattergood venture can point the way to other similar adventures in shared endeavor in other parts of the country, it will be good indeed.

What are some of the values in this new venture? We have seen what it may mean in the life of the Society of Friends. What is it to mean in the lives of the refugees it is seeking to serve? What will be its personnel, its organization, its function?

Many of these questions are still to be answered. They will have to be worked out gradually after the slow manner of growth, for an institution, like a person, only takes on its full stature and individuality after some time. It is hard to say, in the growth of any human endeavor, which is more important at the start—buildings or persons. While Iowa Friends have been struggling over partitions and hot water heaters, the Service Committee has been studying the problem of personnel. It is happy to be able to announce that the venture will have as its directors, at least for the first critical months, longer if possible, Albert and Anne Martin, for two and a half years American representatives in the Friends Center in Berlin. There are great advantages in having in this position people who have themselves been in Germany within the year, and who know intimately the kind of pressures and problems which these newcomers to America are facing. Since their return from Germany, Anne Martin has been actively associated with the Refugee Section of the Service Committee, and Albert Martin has been traveling widely under the auspices of the Advancement Committee. Between them, therefore, they seem particularly well equipped for this work, which will bring them into intimate contact with both refugees and Friends.

Plans for additional personnel are under way, both as regards permanent staff and volunteers. Certain functions, especially that of placement, can be more effectively handled by Iowans than by anyone who might be imported from outside, and the Scattergood Committee is proceeding on this assumption. Volunteers will probably be largely drawn from among those young people who have already proved themselves in Work Camps or Student Peace Service, and who are eager for this contact with a problem of much perplexity. The first contingent of volunteers and prospective guests will probably be moving westward very soon in a station wagon, to don overalls and take up scrubbing brushes and paint brushes, and finish the process of reconditioning, so ably carried through by Iowa Friends. It is hoped that the hostel may be ready to receive its first guests sometime in May.

Once the buildings are ready, it is hoped to build up the Scattergood family gradually until a maximum of some thirty-five refugees has been reached. But it will be a shifting household. Guests will come there to rest and learn, to study and be studied. Then, after three or four months, when they are ready to move out into some community that needs what they have to give, others will take their place. Scattergood School will have no holiday from humanity in this new and curious kind of school. It will become the scene of much striving expectancy, of many touching, funny yet heroic adjustments—if it is to perform its real function.

What is that function? It is complicated, like most human services. Imagine what it would mean to be wrenched from your home, your occupation, your friends—from everything that was your life—and to be set down without friends or money or security in a strange land! You do not know the language—except as you studied it two or three years in school. You know how to go to market in your own country, but here are new foods, new weights and measures, and bewildering new coins to be recognized and counted. You are a teacher, or a doctor, but you do not know how American schools are run, what American doctors put on their signs, what are the conventions in American medical etiquette. (Each profession does have its etiquette, which changes from country to country.) Or perhaps you are faced with the need of learning a whole new trade. Above all, you are tired, tense, over-wrought. You could make these adjustments next summer, next fall, if only you could rest. Think what it would mean to be sent, shortly after landing, to a little quiet community, to a place where you could rest and learn, where you could ask all sorts of questions without being laughed at, where you could get oriented for the life that lies ahead! These are some of the functions that Scattergood is designed to perform. Its task is one which lies very close to the Quaker insistence on the sanctity of the human soul, on the safeguarding of spiritual values for hard-pressed men and women.

The two chief problems facing the Refugee Committee are affidavits and placement. The Scattergood Hostel ought to help materially with the second. It takes time and study and intimate contact to know whether a particular family will fit creatively into a particular opening. On paper the arrangement may look perfect, but there are an infinite number

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EDITORIAL

Some Reflections on the Cost of the Social Gospel

HOW pendulums do swing! There is a natural and proper reaction against the tendency in recent years to stress the social side of the gospel to the seeming neglect of its personal, experiential basis, without which we have, not religion in action but "creaturely activity." The timely caution now is to see that we do not swing so far to the opposite extreme that the gospel fails of fruitage in society.

It seems almost superfluous to emphasize the essential unity of the gospel as being both personal and social. It would hardly have occurred to us to speak to this point now, except for a statement, "Cost of the Social Gospel," which recently came to our desk, over the anonymous designation, "Selected"—and in a bulletin or periodical published by a group of Friends. In this amazing statement the social gospel was charged with just about all the evils of the day, both inside and outside the Church: with stifling evangelical fervor and religious interest and with producing moral and social demoralization generally. That such a screed could be published—and circulated by Friends—was thoroughly depressing.

On Sunday afternoon following the reading of this outburst, we were sitting in our local meeting on Ministry and Oversight. In the opening period of devotion and reflection, we were meditating on these things. Suddenly we realized that unconsciously and unseeing, our eyes had been directed straight ahead at a large picture that hung on the opposite wall. It was that wonderful picture which shows Elizabeth Fry sitting in the midst of those wretched women in Newgate Prison, radiating a gospel, not only of saving lives but of improving prison conditions. There is the answer, the thought came to us. From Elizabeth Fry our mind turned to that large company of witnesses, from George Fox onward, whose personal consecration was expressed through social concern for those about them. Hardly a Friend is known to history who did not exemplify this social passion for the welfare of humanity. Perhaps no one better than John Woolman embodied the spirit of what is called the social gospel. And who more perfectly than he exemplified also the daily, personal devotion to his Lord? These "Quaker saints" had no thought of dividing the gospel; to them it was one and indivisible.

Why, may we ask, are Friends receiving such wide and signal recognition these days? Solely because they are credited with a large degree of consistency in seeking to apply a religion of personal experience to the desperate needs of humanity in distress. Had it not been for the perseverance of this sense of social concern, the little Society of Friends would have passed on and out, unsung and forgotten, long years ago. For an impressive demonstration of this thing we are stressing here, we refer readers to the article on the opposite page, and particularly to the opening paragraph. Who can read that in the spirit and decry a social gospel?

That question of the cost continually recurs to us. Indeed the cost of the social gospel is often heavy. Sometimes the espousal of friendliness and justice for unpopular groups is costly in loss of public esteem; sometimes it is costly in loss of business or position. In any event, if we respond generously to appeals for human need we feel the cost, as we should do. This is not an easy gospel. Ever in its foreground stands a cross. Are we able for it?

Again let us be assured of the nature of the Christian gospel—the "full gospel" if you please. It is personal and it is social. Without either, it ceases to be the gospel of Christ.

If Our Churches Are in Peril

RATHER a remarkable manifesto has just been made by a representative group of churchmen in the form of a spirited call to Congregational ministers in England and Wales. Its clarion challenge is so timely that it should be broadcast to the Church Universal. "The condition of our churches," it reads, "is often almost desperate. We are short of men and money, but this is not our most serious need. . . Our dreadful weakness is religious. We are not declaring the Gospel with power to a dispirited and disillusioned age; we are not living in the discipline of gospel fellowship. . . In view of this we believe that God's call to our churches today is that we repent: repent of our wavering faith, our lukewarm love of Christ, our un-

worthy churchmanship. The depressing and alarming thing about our churches is not their tiny congregations, their shabby buildings, their social insignificance, their political impotence. If our churches are in peril, it is because they have forgotten what they are."

In that country as in this the Congregationalists constitute a relatively small body as do the Friends. Their searching manifesto applies to the large denominational groups, however, hardly less strongly than to the numerically insignificant ones. In all there is much of a spirit of defeatism in the face of the world's indifference and confusion. The Church does not seem confident that it has the message of assurance for this day of trouble; at least it does not speak as if it were sure. That in itself is the fatal defect. The Church may well ponder the words that may be read on the wall of an employment office: "No whipped men need apply." What the Church most needs to do is to fascinate itself with the truth and power of the gospel it proclaims as equal to any emergency or crisis. There would then be less of compromise and more of triumph.

A Day with Japanese Kagawa

By Janet Miller

I WAS a passenger on a small police-patrol boat in the Japanese Inland Sea. It was autumn with its mists and rich discolorations. There was a morning freshness in the air; cool with the coolness of early fall. The water was an opalescent mother-of-pearl. In the distance I saw the outlines of the mainland. Grey rocks were grouped along the shore and white surf was playing over them. Beyond the rocks were long tiers of green steps where the sides of the hills were terraced and cultivated to the top. Small islands, thickly foliaged with pine trees, lay glorified in the soft light of one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the world—the Japanese Inland Sea.

The blood-tingling, vivifying touch of the breeze in my face and the sweet, sharp scent of the sea, are memories which will haunt me always.

By my side sat the Japanese doctor who was employed by the government to treat the maladies of the people on the isolated island which we were going to visit. The face of the man reflected the beauty of his soul.

Across from me sat Kagawa, one of the great humanitarian leaders of the world. How shall I describe Kagawa? Those who have read his writings have come under the spell of his magnetic personality. There are passages in his books that are like flashes of heaven-sent inspiration. He describes the drama of the streets of Japan and the suffering of the poor. He reads human tragedy in faces as clearly as if painted on canvas. His compassion for the outcast has its origin in his vivid realization, through a similar experience of his own, of the suffering which they hourly endure. Common people, vagabonds, gamins, convicts, working people, factory girls—all have an ardent protagonist in him.

The outcast by the wayside, the child-waif housed on a doorstep, the little loved, the neglected and the forgotten, draw from him a pity which is the most impassioned emotion of his soul. It lends a tender radiance to his every act; is the impetus for his astonishing energy, his power of work, his devotion to a cause. When I hear Kagawa speak, with my own eyes I see the angel in the man.

It was ten o'clock when the police-patrol boat brought the three of us to the island which was our objective and went on its way to visit other communities which had only that one contact with the outside world.

The atmosphere of the small island was melancholy and mysterious. It stood apart, stood away as it was in the Inland Sea, remote and inaccessible to the mainland, toward which the hearts of the exiles who dwelt there must have been eternally set.

Through a gate which was unlocked for us, we passed to the inside of a barbed-wire fence of seven strands, having a circumference of five miles: a mournful enclosure where human beings dwelt in the apogee of despair. They had passed into oblivion as completely as if they were dead, though they still felt the throb of life which once was theirs.

We entered a large auditorium through the visitors' door at the back of a broad stage and looked into the faces of an audience of two hundred people. They sat there waiting for us to begin our program without any evidence of eagerness; without emotion, without any trace of the fever of expectancy, just an immense, settled calm and patience. Many of them had been brought in on mattresses. Some had been brought in on the backs of others.

It was an audience composed completely of lepers. As I stood there looking into their upturned faces, I was completely daunted. I was not prepared for this extremity of repulsiveness. The marred faces and the maimed bodies were so much more horrible than I expected that I was stunned. The full weight of the mental agony which they must have suffered pressed upon me. I felt almost insufferable pain in the realization of the vastness of the anguish of heart these men and women must have endured. It oppressed my spirit like a tangible burden. There they were, a people apart, separated from the rest of the world by the most loathsome disease known to man!

To live, to endure such mental anguish, to suffer the awful humiliation, to weep, to struggle, and then to die, was their lot; these men and women who had seen such high hopes and expectations in life brought to naught! A sense of desolation unspeakable weighed upon me and augmented the horror I felt of the place.

The auditorium was very still. After a few moments I heard the sound of a voice speaking low as if saying something sacred and beautiful. I turned my head and saw that Kagawa was blessing the people with uplifted hands. The solemn sweetness of the prayer gripped my heart.

As I watched Kagawa, the great flaming evangelist of the Orient, preach to the lepers a gospel of compassion, the extremity of agony that I felt—like some hallucination of somnambulism—gradually lessened. "The locusts shall not prevail nor shall hungry birds do evil. . ." The application that he made of those words held a promise that entered the consciousness of the men and women who were listening, and brought an obvious response from their hearts.

He spoke for one hour while the audience listened with concentrated attention. At times his words were full of a quenchless ardor and an explosive force; at other times he taught them with a quiet purpose. I saw eager acceptance

of his teaching in the faces that were not too marred for expression.

When the sermon was finished the audience sang a hymn: a triumphant outpouring of suffering souls to a God of love toward whom they stretched out imploring hands and received comfort.

I had been asked to bring my violin to give the patients an entertainment during the afternoon hours while we waited for the return of the police boat. In the meantime and during the hour the patients were having their noon meal, we were taken over the hospital. One man, on his deathbed, interested me especially. He had been a middle-school teacher; now he had a face so ravished by leprosy that it was covered with antiseptic gauze. Still he was conscious. He had a strange way of throwing his arms aloft in a passionate gesture while Kagawa was talking to him, expressing what emotion I know not.

The Japanese doctor told me that when he first came into the hospital, writing had opened to him a refuge in which the tortured soul had found some measure of relief. He wrote the story of his life: "The Drama of a Man's Soul," he called it. The monumental realism of the parts of the drama which were read to us that afternoon, was a marvelous revelation of the man's deepest emotions.

After he became a leper, writing was but one of the activities in which his prodigious mental energy found expression. He taught the younger members of the leper colony to read. . . . Now he was dying, and Kagawa had come to speak a word of consolation to him in his last hour.

Later, in a spot on the island designed for meditation and for that purpose set apart, Kagawa was asked to speak to a patient who had just come in. He was a young mountain peasant with the appearance of perfect health on his face. When we approached we found him sitting by a shrine in which a stone idol of great antiquity rested. The stone face, smiling with eternal youth, seemed to be asserting the Buddhist doctrine that "all things are but dreaming in this fleeting world of tears."

The lad had come to the hospital two days before. Time had slipped by; his physical examination was complete. The dread possibility of his having acquired leprosy had become the awful truth.

When we first caught sight of him, he was sitting in front of the shrine. His eyes were on the stone face. The future must have held a vast horror for his boyish vision. His burning eyes saw the slow hours of a great number of years crawl by, soul-crushing and heavy shod; saw them filled with the weight of an intolerable woe.

When first discovered the boy could not or would not believe in the reality of the catastrophe which had befallen him. The dark shadow which this disaster cast upon his path threw the high lights of his life into sharp relief. He saw with a fiery revelation the beauty of the past and the tragedy of the future which, from now on, would be so hideously marred by disease.

"No one," he said to Kagawa, "no one loves life as much as I do. To be shut up here, to live here, to die here! To pass out of existence in a leper hospital! How can I endure it?" His lips were parted, his eyes staring and afraid. He threw back his head and struck his forehead with the palm of his hand.

Kagawa had a heart that was moved to tenderness by every unhappy creature. I went away, down by the sea, and left him there, talking to the boy with a quiet gentleness.

I stood at the water's edge and looked out upon the beautiful ocean picture before me. The solitude, the awful majesty and the beauty of the other near-by islands were superbly impressive. The magic of sunlight on green sea water was part of the poetry and solemnity of the ocean view. I thought of the tragic contrasts in the lot of men; of the happiness of a beauty-filled life which was mine, and the extremity of pathos and leaden pain which was the lot of that peasant boy on the hill.

At two o'clock the patients returned to the auditorium for the entertainment we had promised them. We followed the plan of program which Kagawa, the Japanese doctor and I had agreed upon.

I have long ago discovered that the musical numbers that are loved and appreciated by sophisticated audiences will invariably win applause from simple, uncultured people. The appeal of the beautiful melody is universal, and so I found it that afternoon.

With Mr. Kagawa as interpreter, we told them the story of Tschaikowsky's gayest and most delightful composition—the Nutcracker Suite. We pictured a group of happy children around a Christmas tree. The tree was gay with toys and lighted candles. The children all received presents except small Marie; to her lot fell only a nutcracker.

She was not disappointed; she liked her gift, and when, in a rough game, one of the boys snatched her nutcracker from her, she was inconsolable until it was returned. Before she went up to bed she laid it under the tree in a safe place.

In the middle of the night, Marie wakened and, unable to go back to sleep, stole down stairs to the room where the Christmas tree stood. A strange sight greeted her: small mice were scampering about all over the place. Suddenly the Christmas toys, the cakes, and most lovely of all, her nutcracker, came to life.

There was consternation among the mice and finally they declared war on the toys. The nutcracker was made a general and engaged the mouse king in single combat. Just as the fight was about to end disastrously for him, Marie threw her shoe at the mouse king and he died in defeat.

The nutcracker became a fairy prince and spirited Marie away to his kingdom. On a beautiful jam mountain the sugar-plum fairy queen—she and her court of sweet ladies and brave gentlemen—welcomed Marie and the nutcracker prince. The selections that I played were from the entertainment which the fairy queen gave Marie and her toy guests. The Dance Chinois—a gay affair; the Dance of the Mirlitons—droll with the sound of musical toys in the composition; and the Valse des Fleurs, all pleased my listeners beyond my most ardent expectations.

Standing there before my audience, no matter whither my errant thoughts strayed as I played that gay music, never for a moment was the insistent agony of my surroundings softened or mitigated. The pathos of that scene before me, the sight of those upturned faces, tortured my mind as some awful anguish might rack the body. As I stood there I felt terribly weary, and at the same time I wondered if I should ever know rest again. Surely my eyes would never know sleep after such a scene.

Grieg's music set to Henrik Ibsen's interpretation of an old Norwegian legend, Peer Gynt, came next. Peer visited the troll who dwelt in a cave in the earth. The troll wished Peer to wed his daughter; when he refused, pandemonium broke loose in the cave. The music which describes this grows in excitement until a tumult of sound brings the composition to a close. This was inadequately reproduced on a single violin but I was interested to observe how my audience entered into the spirit of fun.

These selections I thought would end my program, but they asked for another number and I played for them a fairy tale from the Snegourotchka—the Snow-maiden—by Rimski Korsakoff. The laughing music to which the fairy woods creatures frolic, is one of the most beautiful of all compositions.

Still they were not satisfied, so we told them the story of the Waters of Minnetonka; how the lovers escaped from

a sentence of torture and sank into the depths of the beautiful northern lake. The violin music, written by Thurlow Lieurance, represents the silver ripples of the water, the soughing of the wind, the rhythmic beat of the paddles and the drip of the sparkling spray as the lovers sail on the lake in a ghost boat.

Our musical story hour culminated with the exquisitely tender theme of the Grail written for the violin in Wagner's "Lohengrin." The mysterious beauty of the high, ethereal harmonies have brought pleasure and healed sorrow in many hearts, and their charm did not fail to appeal to my audience. I take comfort in remembering that fact, although I am stung with pain, as I was that afternoon, when I recall the faces of those deeply afflicted people.

In closing, Mr. Kagawa asked me to play the lovely hymn, "Abide with Me," while the audience sang. The solemn suggestion of a people at prayer was inimitably haunting.

When the patrol boat returned to the island a few moments later to convey us to the mainland, almost the entire audience, many of them on crutches, came down to the water's edge—always on their side of the seven-strand fence—to speed us on our journeying. That large group of patients were all clothed in white robes—the hospital uniform. In the last view I had of them, they stood on the white sand, singing in farewell the tender hymn, "God be with you till we meet again," the most touching chorus I ever heard.

The opening scene of the Tannhauser Overture, the famous song of the pilgrims as they wend their way over the hills to Rome, was never more impressively rendered than that prayerful hymn, sung by the white-robed lepers as the gradually increasing distance between the shore and the receding launch diminished the sound of their voices. It was a solemn and impressive epitome of the day's experience.

My picture is finished, but my memory of that parting scene will never fade. I think of Kagawa less as a person than as a living flame. He gives freely as if he were enriched by the claims that others make upon him. His supreme delight is to fulfill the demands of others. To men clamoring for his bounty he brings all the precious metal of his love and his own deep experience of life.

Melrose, Louisiana.

Fellowship the Chief Theme

Report of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting

AS one looks back through the Minutes of the week, it seems as though one theme had been particularly evident. In some years the Yearly Meeting has risen to its greatest heights on the peace question and one might have almost expected that to happen this year. But it didn't, although there was no lack of concern or conviction on the subject when the report of the Peace Committee was read, and at other times when the implications of our testimony were being faced. It almost appeared that this testimony were calmly taken for granted, and even the differences of opinion about the value and rightness of economic sanctions, boycotts and other forms of coercion didn't seem to matter greatly just now.

In some other years everything seemed to focus in the report of the Social Order Committee and one felt it was there that iron sharpened iron in the discussions. This year the Meeting readily approved an excellent and constructive report, and only cautioned the Committee to remember that one of its chief functions was to be an educational agency for our members who still need a good deal of elementary teaching about these complex relationships in the economic world which need adjustment. It is just possible that the Committee purposely refrained this year from trying to educate along any controversial lines, following the principle of Progressive Education to educate only when interest has been aroused and a need felt. If so, the time seems ripe next year for a further course of thoroughgoing study.

Sometimes it has been the life of our meetings, particularly the ministry, which has aroused most concern, and that was not neglected this last week. At the session of Ministers and Elders on Third-day morning, a meeting thrown open to all who were interested, there was a good deal of searching thought given to the kind of meetings we have. Do they meet the needs of people today? Can we touch the people who are in need of physical and spiritual help when we live such comparatively comfortable lives? How can we expect the ministry to reach any great heights when we prepare so little for it? After all it only comes out of lives which are working every day at the task of being Christians; it is the final flower of a life which has already achieved the experience of the reality of God in the daily contacts of home and business; it is not something which suddenly bursts into being on a First-day morning after a crowded week in which religion has had little place. We must not forget, too, the ministry of silence, which is just as real as the vocal ministry which may arise from it, if it is a silence in which all are united in expectant worship. Of course this discussion was concerned with the lay ministry and unprogrammed meetings of the Philadelphia type but much of it was applicable to the worship of Friends anywhere. No, it was not a subject which was neglected this year.

But it seems to me that the chief theme running through the Yearly Meeting was that of fellowship within our own group, with other Friends scattered widely over the world, and with others who are akin to us in spirit if not in name.

The reading of the epistles is always an impressive occasion, but never more so than this year. There were a good many beside the Clerk who had tears in their eyes as letters came from Friends in Germany, in Vienna, in Prague, London, Paris, Japan and West China. The epistle from China is really, as was said in our Meeting, "a great Christian document," as you will all feel when you hear it read in your own Yearly Meetings. (See THE AMERICAN FRIEND for March 30, p. 151—Editor). Even from meetings which are not so immediately involved with "the great shadow of war," the letters nearly all referred to the tragic conditions in the world today and added to the feeling that we were all *one* Society, thinking almost *one* thought.

The same solemnity was present in the Meeting on the last day when the General Epistle was read and the special ones, sent mostly to Friends abroad. Somehow we seemed to have gotten past the place where we were chiefly concerned to reduce armaments, or stop military training, or find infallible ways of organizing society. We were a fellowship of Friends who were seeking together and had partially found the spirit

which took away the occasion for war and injustice and oppression, and could face steadily together the darkness of life today, and together minister to those who are suffering. Not that we can stay with that realization; we shall no doubt slide back into petty worries and fears, and narrow concerns, but we at least had glimpses of what our Society might be.

At a few other times this theme was evident. The presence of various visiting Friends of course strengthened it. Caroline Graveson was there, prominent educator from England and very active in London Yearly Meeting, who had already made a warm place for herself during three months at Pendle Hill; also a young Friend from England whose name caused great difficulties to Reading Clerks, though a Middle Westerner like myself didn't find "Thistlethwaite" at all unusual. J. Edward Green from Muncie, Indiana, and Augustus T. Murray, from Stanford University, both came with Minutes, and there were many others without them. It was a great pleasure to me to be carried back to chapel days at Earlham, when Elbert Russell's voice rose suddenly from the gallery during the discussion of the report of the Church Unity Committee.

Then the report of the Mission Board was no longer just the report of a mission school in a foreign land. It was another reminder of the existence of strong, concerned Japanese Quakers whom we will remember when we read about Guam and bombardments of Canton. The report of the Service Committee carried us, as always, almost breathlessly over the world with good will in our hearts and hands. The evening session on Fifth-day (the only one I was able to attend) struck very deep into the spirit of this fellowship, as two new young Friends talked about the Christian testimony in a world of force. Eleanor Slater's experience had been in Work Camps, Paul Braisted's in India with Student Volunteers, but here again we faced, from Gandhi to starving children of miners, the method of love in meeting hate and suffering, and were just sure at that moment that love *is* invincible.

The theme cropped out again when the report was read from the Friends World Consultative Committee in its meeting in Denmark last Fall. One felt satisfaction that this Committee had been formed to symbolize the fellowship of all Friends, and to become a channel of increasing importance for the expression of that fellowship.

This same spirit of fellowship permeated the joint session of Arch Street and Race Street Yearly Meetings held on Third-day evening. The business taken up was the reports of the Young Friends Movement and the Friends Temperance Association, both joint activities of the two Yearly Meetings, but one's thoughts were more concerned with the "jointness" of the occasion than with the activities themselves, although both reports aroused lively interests.

The theme received especial emphasis when Rufus Jones introduced the subject of the Fellowship Council and gave an inspiring picture of a new epoch dawning for the Society, in which new meetings are springing up over the country and many individuals are seeking membership with Friends or entering into the Wider Quaker Fellowship. Just how to handle this new epoch isn't cared for in our Disciplines, and the Yearly Meeting was glad to appoint five Friends to work with the Council and representatives of other Yearly Meetings on the problems involved.

The question of our relationship to the Five Years Meeting would have again brought the theme into prominence but discussion of this had to be postponed because of the absence in Germany of James G. Vail, the Chairman of the committee to whom this question has been committed.

Certainly involved was the theme in the question of joining the newly formed World Council of Churches, the main question to come up in connection with the report of the Committee on Church Unity. There have probably seldom been two more earnest and heart-searching sessions of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting ever held, than the two which gave most of their time to this invitation and to the Committee's recommendation that it be accepted. The Committee was no doubt disappointed in the final Minute but one can only be thankful that the Yearly Meeting showed itself so deeply concerned about these two things: (1) the desire to have cooperative fellowship with other Christian groups, and (2) the desire to hold fast to any principle which is really fundamental to the life of the Society. The final Minute ended in this way:

"It was the final decision of the Meeting that the matter should be referred back to the Committee on Church Unity for further study and consultation in the light of our discussions this week with the request that they bring new recommendations to our Meeting next year. The Committee is asked to send a letter to the World Council expressing our appreciation of the invitation and our interest in its purposes, and explaining that our answer will be deferred for another year."

It might be added that postponement was desired partly to allow opportunity to consult with other groups of Friends who have received—or who have not received—a similar invitation. While it was not felt to be necessary for all to act alike, there was evidently a strong feeling of our being one Society in which the action of one group does affect the action of another.

Much might be said after these sessions about the Quaker method of handling difficult divisions of sentiment, which made it possible for the Clerk to read with deep feeling his closing Minute: "Under a profound sense of *oneness* with our Heavenly Father the Yearly Meeting adjourned to meet again next year if consistent with the Divine Will."

CAROLINE L. NICHOLSON.

Westtown School.

MORE THAN A BUSINESS TRANSACTION

(Continued from page 150)

of human considerations making for success or failure. These can only be discovered on rather close and continuous acquaintance.

It is the aim of the Refugee Section to make all placements to the enrichment not only of the lives of the individuals who are being placed, but of the community which is to receive them. That this mutual relationship is actually being established in some instances is evidenced by a letter which came recently to the Service Committee from the Secretary of a Friends Meeting which had helped to place and welcome a family. "We feel we owe much to Dr. Kraus," says the letter, "for sending us such worth while people. . . . It is a real joy and inspiration to be in their company. They are settled in a little five-room house right here where we can see them every day, and are able to ascertain their needs, if any. . . They are surrounded by friends, and I mean 'friends' with a little 'f'. They are also surrounded by Friends with a capital 'F', for we have not only taken them into our homes but we have taken them into our hearts as well. They attend our Friends Meeting here. Please let me say again that our community has fallen in love with the whole family. . . Thank you again for making it possible for us to have these five persons in our midst."

This placement came without Scattergood. But it seems that this sort of success could come much more easily and often on the basis of the intimate acquaintance that Scattergood can give. So here are our thanks to Iowa Friends, our wishes for the success of Scattergood, and for other Scattergoods elsewhere in the wide Community of Friends.

While some men charm, this Man changes us; while some men reform us, this Man transforms us; while some men breathe into our brain the message of their minds, this Man breathes into our souls the spirit of Himself.—EVANGELINE BOOTH.

Four Women at a Dinner Table

By Margaret Snyder

"WHAT about the war situation?" my hostess asked at the Sunday dinner table. I am not polemically inclined, and knowing her somewhat conservative and controversial temper, I had little inclination for the discussion on this, the first delectable spring day. But I answered that I wished I could feel more certain than I do of either the possibility of America's keeping the peace, or of the justice of the "coalition of democracies."

Not to my surprise, my reply revoked a flood of contention to the effect that America must do everything in her power to help Britain and France stop "that madman, Hitler"; everything, that is, short of sending our men overseas. We should give the democracies arms and foodstuffs; maybe the government would have to pay for the materials and give the latter outright. Anyhow, we had to stand by England and France.

The argument is too familiar to need recapitulation here. What was not familiar, to my experience, was the consequence of a non-violent analysis of the argument. I said first that I wished I were a Quaker; that Quakers seem to me to be the one consistently Christian people I know, and that to belong to them would give one the right in the world's eyes to renounce the madness of war.

There I was tempted to let the argument rest, as I have done so often, but something compelled me to sustain the analysis. Granted the horror of Nazi concentration camps, of the Gestapo's sweep in Czecho-Slovakia: had not the Czechs themselves accepted that as a lesser horror than the raking of their land by war? Recognize freely that the democratic idea is flouted and despised by German rulers: did we not fight the World War for democracy, with the Rome-Berlin axis as its consequence? Admit gladly that British ideals have the comfort of familiarity: but what support did Britain give to American idealism when the Stimson doctrine of non-recognition was set against aggression in Manchukuo? And most urgent of all, what basis can we find for believing that a peace after another war would come any nearer to justice than the peace of Versailles?

The discussion was long and detailed. I cited Nora Waln's moving appeal for "the aid we can give the faithful among the Germans—our prayers, our friendship, and all the recognition and support our statesmen can devise." "But you can't stop a force like the Nazis without using counter-force," one said. "Gandhi did," I answered, and even in the retort that Gandhi was up against a *civilized* race in the British, there was the beginning of a recognition of another principle of action at work in the affairs of men.

It was not too difficult to widen that recognition so that it included the actual experience folded within the conditions of war. The Sheppard-May bill, stopped a year ago by determined popular opposition, would be shoved through a war-declaring Congress without even discussion, and what then would become of the "liberties" we would be fighting to defend? An industrial spokesman had declared to the Nye munitions investigation that, in the event of the passage of a law limiting war profits to a standard six per cent, not an industry in the country would support a war; whose "rights" would be fought for that way? Of course sacrifice would be involved in making the needful adjustments of economic life to the requirements of international abundance, but what comparison could be made between that sacrifice and the boundless destruction of war? And where—from some deep layer of committed memory the question came—does the Christian ethic set a limit upon sacrifice in behalf of humanity's peace?

It would serve little purpose to elaborate the steps of the discussion, but we came at length to a genuine agreement that there is a Christian way, a humane and liberal way, of stopping even such force as that of the Nazis, if we are willing to spend upon it the same energies and resources that we would, willy-nilly, spend upon war. And once that agreement grew among us, we thought of ways and means of effectuating the Christian way.

Why not set up powerful radio stations on the German borders to pour into Germany a clear and friendly statement of the position of the democratic peoples, a non-violent refutation of the German official version of democratic attitude? Of course the Nazi government might well destroy all German radios rather than let such doctrine reach their people, but that could scarcely be done in less than three days, and much could be conveyed to German minds in three days. For another approach, the ingenuity applied to smuggling money out of Germany could assuredly be turned into other channels, to leaven the lump of propaganda with an assurance of friendship and assistance from common folk of the democracies. Nora Waln is but one of many current witnesses to the already existing band of faithful and daring German men and women who keep alive the communication of free spirits; surely democratic ingenuity can invent ways of strengthening the efforts of these devoted ones. And the three billion dollars so cheerfully appropriated for armaments could go a long way toward relieving the pressure of need which after all is the Nazis' best argument for persuading German people of the malicious hostility of the "sated democracies."

These were some of the actualities we explored. We were four women, not particularly well versed in foreign affairs, admittedly of the economically favored minority, habitually committed to the Christian pattern but making no special claim to righteousness. Yet out of our divergent opinions we did actually forge a new spirit of undertsanding and good will. "If only there were a leader to gather up this spirit and show us the way," one of us said; but another countered, "A leader comes when the people are ready to be led." Maybe if every Sunday dinner table could make the kind of effort we have made, to understand, there would be enough of a ferment of human need to call forth the leader. And we spoke again of the Quakers, that little company that knows the way of non-violent living.

There must be thousands, perhaps millions, not unlike the four of whom I was one: decent people who have no love for violence but are drawn into the acceptance of war simply because they can see no alternative way of giving practical and immediate expression to their conviction that atrocities must be opposed. This article has no other purpose than to seek out those others; to serve in some small way to draw men and women of good will together in a common purpose. There must, surely, be enough intelligence and daring imagination among us to find ways, and swiftly, of assisting the effort to stop this madness of violence in the world by a peace that is whole and sufficient in its means as well as in its projected ends.

Faribault, Minnesota.

As, according to the great Emancipator, a country cannot endure half slave and half free, so life cannot be sustained half secular and half sacred.

Our Revision of the Bible

By Milton H. Hadley

THE Five Years Meeting of Friends is a member of the International Council of Religious Education. At the recent meetings of the Council in Chicago, one Committee to report was the "American Standard Bible Committee," with Dean Luther Weigle as its chairman and including such famous Bible scholars as James Moffatt and Edgar J. Goodspeed; including also Friend Henry J. Cadbury. The Committee is divided into one group which is working on the Old Testament while another section goes over the New Testament. They report progress, having completed the books of Moses and the Gospels. In some of its terminology, the new revision will parallel the King James more closely than some of the later versions.

It is an old thought that "we are the only Bible the careless world will read," but it was new to think of the divisions of the Bible we are translating day by day. There are at least three Old Testament portions to which we are giving our emphasis and revision; also two from the New Testament.

Thus we must translate the compulsions of life, the laws of God and man, into actions. One wonders how high the correlations of our attitudes toward the laws of our land and toward the laws of God. Thus, is one who tends to disregard the signs of traffic likely to hold the divine laws in great reverence? Or does that individual, young or old, who seeks just to get by in the assignments of earth, do the full will of God? Shortly after the epic of creation comes the books of the law, laid down by parents, teachers, companions, then by society as a whole. "Thou shalts" and "thou shalt nots" are with us through the whole of life. The sooner we are able to find our liberty within the law, the sooner we are ready to enjoy life. He who feels his enjoyment of life depends on his liberty to drive on the left side of the road is unlikely to enjoy long either life or liberty. Every individual in his right mind who has reached the age of two years has a translation or interpretation of the books of the law.

Then everyone sings his "Psalm of Life," which may vary from the hymn of hate, such as that which reaches its climax in "Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones," to that of joy and comradeship, "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. It is He that hath made us; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture." America, yes, the world, is increasingly debtor to two great Czechoslovakians. If we might expect anyone today to raise the hymn of hate it is Jan Masaryk and Eduard Benes. But they are proving themselves worthy spiritual heritors of John Huss, and they refuse to curse those who cursed them.

Maybe the tune we play is that of indifference which has as many in its chorus as those singing their hymns of hatred, but of course one never sings the tune of indifference with much gusto or very clear enunciation. There seems to be a strain of melody or discord which runs through every life. We all have our revision of Psalms.

For most of us Elijah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, the prophets, stand on pedestals apart. No one would accuse us of translating the prophets. Yet there is something of prophecy in the spirit of most adults. At least there should be in the lives of adult Christians. It seems to me the prophets were able to prophesy because of their alertness to the conditions of their day, their ability to see the end of the roads open to nations and people, and because a marvelous sensitiveness to God. An Isaiah was so keenly aware of his environment that the death of Uzziah was a personal and national calamity and drove him to seek the Lord. He felt his own need, also that of his neighbors, for he "dwelt in the midst of a people of unclean lips."

It is the direction of life which is important, and it is on this that we base our prophecies. We are likely to judge the individual's direction of life by that of the community or family. It was this tendency to prophesy which caused others in the district to say, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" and causes some to say today, "Oh, he's so and so's youngster. You can't expect much out of him." Let us be willing to encourage all individuals and groups who are struggling up the straight and narrow way, also to point out the end of the broad road. We can say without question that the nation which puts its trust in the sword perishes by the sword. Jesus said it and history has proved it. Therefore we must raise our voices in protest against the place militarism seems to be conquering in American life.

The moral indifference of the day of Amos had its final result; therefore we must cry against the moral and spiritual indifference of our day. George Fox would encourage us to live in the spirit the prophets and apostles were in that we might help shake the country for two thousand miles around whenever the path taken is not Christian. Surely Moses has not been the last who cried out, "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets!" Now every nation on earth needs the Lord's people who are prophets. Can we translate the signs of the times and the eternal principles of God into prophecies which speak to the conditions of earth?

Luther Weigle told the International Council of Religious Education that there would be no startling changes of the ideas, especially of the gospels; simply terminology which should make the meaning clearer. Thus you and I need no fundamental revision of the gospel but we do need to make the application more clear-cut and decisive where the life of today is not in harmony with the principles of Christ. Surely this generation should emphasize the conception of the gospel as good news. Let's underscore the good part of it. For those who charge that Christianity has been an outstanding force of repression and depression have too much truth to back them up. The gray and black of Friends dress frequently permeated their souls; so youngsters, blithe and gay, were admonished to become staid and sober. In Christ's day the people heard him gladly but most of the gladness has been extracted by the press of the centuries. No one on earth has as much to be glad and joyful about as the Christian so let's revive the "good" in "gospel," including both its righteousness and its basic happiness.

Your life and mine should be continuous additions to "the Acts of the Apostles." As the body needs all of the millions of cells which make it up, so the Church needs all the millions of individuals who compose "the body of Christ." It was through Acts that the twelve or few hundred disciples became tens and hundreds of thousands. If you and I are the "sinner's gospel" and "scoffer's creed" are they being rid of their sin and is their scoffing becoming trust and hope? They should be if our revision of the Bible is an improvement on the older translations and if we include "the Acts of the Apostles" in our daily living. In fact, if we walk and talk with our Lord we become his revelation to man. That's where the Bible and true Christianity ends in Revelation: revelation of the Spirit of God and Christ dwelling in your flesh and mine.

Chicago, Illinois.

Resolve, when you awake, that it shall be to some faithful purpose, and that your renovated powers shall be obedient to him who has renewed them! And throw a glance backward before your eyes are weighed in sleep to see how well you have kept the morning's resolution!

—N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

REFLECTED LIGHT—BASIS OF THE GOSPEL

By Harold N. Tollefson

Devotional Message broadcast March 25, over WJAR, Providence, Rhode Island, under the auspices of the Rhode Island Council of Churches.

Frequent allusions to light and light-bearing in the Bible give us the thought for this message. The Psalmist declares, "The entrance of thy word giveth light," and "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." John portrays Jesus as the Light that lighteth every man coming into the world, and Jesus passes on the imagery by declaring, "Ye are the light of the world," and commands his followers, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven."

So it would seem that our task is to be light-bearers. The light is not original with us, but is reflected light. The brilliance of a moonlight night is the result of reflected light, for the moon gets its light from the sun. The intensity of the atmosphere and the surface of the reflector determine the strength and range of the moonlight. In like manner the depth of our knowledge of God and the character of our reflection determine how far the light reaches into the hearts of our fellows.

Science has made fascinating studies into light, and tells us that light goes only in a straight line. It cannot conform to the curvature of the earth, but is lost at the horizon, unless—and that "unless" is important—unless it is reflected. The English Channel is studded with lighthouses, and the ships guide their courses by them with safety. Off the east coast of Scotland is a unique lighthouse far out in the North Sea. It has no light—nothing but mirrors. On the coast is a lighthouse that sends its ray straight out into the dusk. It is lost on the horizon; but no, it is caught up and reflected, by mirrors, far out to sea, and guides the mariner who cannot see the original beam. How important that the reflectors be kept spotless and in focus with the source of light!

A recent visit to a television studio gave me this thought. The technician said they could send pictures only about fifty miles, unless there was a building there to bounce the beam on into the distance. Reflected light; and a picture—of a man! The simple truth is, that light cannot go beyond its straight line, unless it is reflected.

Another truth that science reveals is that dust in the air makes light possible. A pure, rare air, and there is no light, but darkness. Everyone has seen the sun's rays shine through a window, and reveal a haze of dust. It is necessary, else there would be no sunbeam. "My strength is made perfect in weakness."

These physical and scientific revelations are indicators of spiritual factors. The Light of the world is the Son of God. In him was Life, and the Life was the Light of men. What do we mean? As we study the life of Christ, light comes to us and we understand what it is all about. What he taught, what he did, how he felt toward his fellow men, his insistence that he and the Father are one, his ultimate death and triumphant rising, all reveal light: and we are able to walk where there is light. But that life was snuffed out, that light reached its horizon, and has gone on into space. Has it? No, for man has become the reflector of the Light of the World. Man has found the truth that sets him free, and has been willing to send the beam out into the channel of life, a reflected beam that was sent from the Father of lights, in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow that is made by turning.

You ask what light is? It is the truth, and truth is that which sets men free. "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." You fear death: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." You are afraid of God: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." You fear the future: "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." You feel that the world is overwhelming, and life is so hard: "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world!" Truth and Light for every need are ours through Jesus Christ. All that is needed is to reflect it and send it into the world to light the way for some one else.

We are approaching Easter. That first Easter was preceded by a tragic incident. The light of the world was lifted up, and His light shone out, to the horizon. It was lost? No! Peter was at the horizon, and John, and the other disciples who followed afar off! They caught the ray of light, and cast it out into the sea of darkness, of sin, "an infinite ocean of light and love which flowed over the ocean of darkness."

Somehow we must produce a hardier variety of spiritual stock. We are bound to live in the world. We cannot escape the chill and the frosts of the world which environs us. But if we are to survive we must gain a vitality of sap, a quality of spirit, which cannot only stand the outward conditions, but can transmute them and produce the fruits of the spirit in the midst of the world where men toil and struggle.—Rufus M. Jones.

RE SOME OF THE SADDEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD

Along the southern borders of France and in the heart of Spain are some of the saddest people in the world. They are hungry, homeless, defeated. Many must be forever exiles. News is sparce and fragmentary from the groups of American workers who represent Friends, Mennonites and Brethren in this relief work for the Spanish people. Yet there is evidence to show how great is the service and how deeply it is appreciated.

From Valencia, just as it fell, came a hasty message from Clyde Roberts scribbled on a page torn from a notebook. The score of American and English workers in the beleagured area were all well and busy. He was distributing flour and potatoes to refugee children's colonies and feeding centers.

Five ships loaded with food and other supplies slipped into Valencia during its blockade, their precious cargoes protected from attack by special agreement with the Nationalist government. This was reported by Howard Kershner who directs the united relief effort. Another glimpse of the situation in southern Spain was a news dispatch after France had taken control. Young men, driven by hunger, raided the Quaker warehouses in Murcia but were arrested by carbineros.

The last word from the French border states that six workers under Dr. Audrey Russell are among the refugee women and children, with headquarters at Perpignan. Large sums of money furnished by the International Commission enabled them to distribute clothing, medical supplies, blankets and beds in addition to food. A word of correction might here be added anent the impression given by news reports that the French government has treated the Spanish refugees with deliberate cruelty. After visiting many refugee camps, Margaret Curtis of Boston has returned with high praise for the French who have done all within their power for the women and children. The Republican soldiers, however, are under French military control. Their condition is indeed pitiful, with no relief agencies able to attend to their suffering.

Howard Kershner writes: "The question of emigration of large numbers of refugees who cannot go back to Spain is the biggest problem so far as the situation in France is concerned." Later reports indicate that there are from fifty to sixty thousand who must be resettled in other countries. Many liberals throughout the country are deeply concerned with this problem and are seeking a way to solve it. Some funds have been made available both in this country and in Europe for transportation to those states in Central and South America which have indicated a willingness to receive Spanish refugees.

Dust-Bound in Oklahoma

By Marian T. Byerly

Quarterly Meeting gatherings in Oklahoma are now seldom without Indian delegates, and the March sessions of Shawnee Quarterly Meeting, held recently at Cold Springs, in southwestern Oklahoma, were no exception. William and Marian Byerly, Friends mission workers among the Kickapoos, Dorothy Pitman, our representative among Big Jim Shawnees, James Downs, and Margaret Brave, the two last named being Indian delegates, made the trip, about 150 miles west and south from Kickapoo Mission, in the Byerlys' car. Margaret Brave is a niece of Philip Frazier, and one of the active young people in Kickapoo Meeting. Marian Byerly detoured to the Co-operative Hospital at Elk City for a tonsil operation, going on to Quarterly Meeting a little late to return home with the rest of the party. She writes: "As I returned from the Co-op Hospital at Elk City to Cold Springs, following my tonsil operation, I was out in the worst dust storm for years in Oklahoma. This was the first chance I'd had to see what a dust storm could be like, so it interested me greatly. Fortunately my tonsil operation seems to have been quite successful and healed quickly—not setback by the dust. But I think the speedy recovery may have been partly due to the hospital and doctors!"

Incidentally, the Elk City hospital is the first, and as yet the only, co-operative hospital in the United States, and our mission workers feel themselves fortunate to be living within reach of it. William and Marian Byerly and Dorothy Pitman have all visited the hospital at various times for necessary operations and are enthusiastic ex-patients, both as to care received and the cost involved, which has been for them about one-fourth what it would have been elsewhere, plus a very reasonable membership fee.

The following account of her trip to Cold Springs through the Dust Storm, and of experiences at Quarterly Meeting has been received from Marian Byerly.—R. M. S.

"How soon will a bus go south?"

"Lady, we're having a terrible dust storm and all busses are late."

So I was greeted as I waited the conveyance to take me to Cold Springs to join my husband and friends attending Quarterly Meeting there.

The waiting room attendants were going over the floor with oiled brooms every twenty minutes to keep the dust down. On the bus, one wiped clear a seat and gazing out on the murky scene vaguely recalled words from "Snow-Bound," and changed them to suit the situation:

"The sun that bleak March day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray
And darkly circled gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon."

Everyone on the bus was in a disconsolate mood such as accompanies insecurity and a storm. I found a moist handkerchief, plus a silk scarf, made a fair dust mask.

Last year's cotton plants held up occasional patches of white, like flags of truce, asking forgiveness for their very existence, as the wind blew the dirt from their roots. It takes five hundred years to make one inch of top soil. Fifty years ago, when our State was new, there were just seven inches of top soil under the thick mat of prairie grass. But the newcomer, with the whole West before him and cotton $100 a bale, did not hesitate to uproot the prairie grass. Now, with cotton at $45 a bale and much of the land robbed of its fertility so it cannot raise cotton, the poor sharecroppers move from one house to another till there is no place else to try and they stop in their squalor. Still, I mused, these farm homes in the western part of Oklahoma were on the whole a bit better than in central Oklahoma, where we live.

An extra swirl of dust brought our bus to a standstill, hugging the right edge of the pavement, we hoping no one was moving toward us. Not even the fence posts on our side of the road were visible and we covered our faces while part of the $300,000,000 worth of top soil lost each year in the South through wind and water erosion, swirled over, under, and all around us. We learned afterwards that wet sheets had been used to keep a day old baby in a tiny boarded shack from smothering.

The next morning all was calm, and, as in "Snow-Bound," we looked upon a world unknown," only dirt was drifted instead of snow. The thrifty housewives lamented their house-cleaning had been in vain, but we leave the dust in favor of Quarterly Meeting.

In Cold Springs, this new Quaker community of seventeen years standing, in which the meetinghouse has been built as they could afford it, (first enclosed, then floored, and later sealed and plastered) a real Friends business meeting was carried on. Wayne Stollard, resident minister, and wife, have worked faithfully in building up this group of worshipers.

James Downs, Kickapoo Christian Indian, while speaking in a meeting for worship, likened the Christian life to playing football. As he had been dazed on the playing field not knowing where he was and scarcely realizing what he was about, so had he felt when at the Friends World Conference at Swarthmore and at other times and places in his Christian experience. Now he realizes he was at a great meeting and also was elated over this, his first Quaker Quarterly Meeting, where he saw a fine bunch of young people, and noted that men took an active part in Christian work.

About half the local young people were from Baptist homes, yet all listened attentively to the message of Friends' belief in regard to baptism and communion, brought by the Yearly Meeting Superintendent. And we were constrained to look toward the reality rather than the symbol.

Ministers and Friends from other places who brought messages all added to the helpfulness of the occasion.

Local Friends, and others not members, hospitably shared with us of their best in their homes and at the picnic dinners. We left for home refreshed in body and spirit, feeling it had been good for us to be at this Quaker outpost, which is adding its share of leaven in helping bring the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

COOPERATIVE STUDY TOUR ANNOUNCED

Plans for a two-month tour of co-operative centers in eight European countries have been announced by Dr. J. Henry Carpenter, chairman of the Committee on the Church and Cooperatives of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and the tour director of the Cooperative League of the U. S. A.

Under the leadership of Dr. Carpenter, Rev. James Myers of the Federal Council, and Msgr. Luigi Ligutti, president of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, the tour will visit rural and urban cooperatives in France, England, Scotland, Switzerland, Denmark, Finland, Norway and Sweden. The world tour will sail from New York on July 1. Dr. Carpenter also announced that the third annual tour of Nova Scotia co-operatives will be held August 21 to September 2.

The cost of both tours has been kept very moderate. Full information may be secured from the Committee on the Church and Cooperatives, Federal Council of Churches, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York.

OUR FRIENDLY FORUM

What readers are thinking on topics of timely interest

HAS AN ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM OF POVERTY AND WAR

Editor, THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

It seems to me that THE AMERICAN FRIEND is increasingly constructive in the noticeable trend of its articles to give attention to the relationship between economic-social and moral-religious problems. Notable among them are the well written articles by Eleanor Slater, and in the last issue, "Poverty and War," by Walter Bowerman. May I comment on the latter?

Who can deny his thesis that war and poverty are our greatest problems, and they are related? He says that "continuance of poverty can be traced to war," which is partly true. But wasn't the order, originally reserved? Isn't war most often an ignorant but persistent attempt to eliminate, or advance from poverty through the gaining of lands and natural resources, goods and markets? Therefore, the root cause of war—and poverty—is more universal and more basic.

Walter Bowerman's contention that "all profound and transforming concepts are remarkably simple" is likewise true. My continuous search for an answer to "why poverty in the midst of plenty" has brought me to a compelling—but simple—answer, which is too often neglected. That answer is: the private ownership and monopoly of land, the universal mother of the human race, is permitting the mal-distribution of the wealth of which our earth is capable. This wisdom seems purposely guarded and hidden. Forums, publications, classes constantly present the problem—your paper has had beautifully written statements of it as in, "When Lords of Creation Become Field Mice," but almost never do we find any real consideration of one who purports to answer our problem on the basis for freedom, namely, Henry George.

"Oh, yes," the average man replies, "the theory of public use of economic or ground rent was presented about fifty years ago, wasn't it—but then, it's quite outworn today." (Of course it was presented as much as fifty years ago, but some ideas presented even before then are not yet outworn.) Mankind has not yet dared test his ennobling concept of a free society based on free land, but prefers to remain shackled by "outworn" ideas that are bringing civilization to another disaster just as they brought Egypt, Babylon, Greece and Rome, when their lands concentrated in the hands of one or two per cent of the people, making all others slaves to them.

Doubtless as our problem intensifies, as John Dewey says, "the ideas of Henry George will necessarily be brought to the fore." If we can maintain our democracy long enough to really search, "Progress and Poverty" will take its place along with "Mein Kampf" and "Das Kapital" as the third philosophy contending for supremacy. It cannot fail but have its appeal because it rests neither on "state" or "industrial" dictatorships, but presents a system of economic freedom, the only system under which the spirit of man can really progress.

MILDRED JENSEN.

329 Central Avenue,
Dayton, Ohio.

TO PREVENT SPREAD OF CONTAGION IN THIS COUNTRY

Editor, THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

The growing concern of thoughtful citizens with the necessity of preserving democratic principles and with combating symptoms of prejudice and intolerance is one of the most hopeful indications that the traditional American principles of liberty and tolerance will be safeguarded against the subversive forces that are attempting to foist totalitarian idealogies upon this country. On every side, also, is being expressed the conviction that the maintenance of democratic institutions is bound up with the invigoration of religious faith, with its emphasis upon the sovereignty of God and inherent worth of the individual.

There is an increasing need for Americans who love liberty and do not want to see this country disfigured by the religious and racial hatreds which have torn other lands, to mobilize with their fellows who are attempting to defend our historic freedoms.

The National Conference of Christians and Jews, founded in 1928 by Newton D. Baker, Charles Evans Hughes and Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, is earnestly striving, through a national educational program, to see that this contagion does not spread here. Through local round tables of Protestants, Catholics and Jews, work in churches, schools, colleges, women's organizations, farm, labor, veterans' and business groups, it is endeavoring to immunize Americans against propagandas of hatred and is attempting to mobilize them for cooperation on matters of common interest and concern to them as citizens of the one country.

The National Conference solicits the membership and financial support of all citizens — Protestants, Catholics and Jews—who believe that demagogic appeals to hatred must be met by an ever-increasing campaign for religious and racial good will. No greater task confronts this Nation than preventing a hysteria based upon a false racialism or religious bigotry.

Chicago University's physicist Arthur H. Compton, Columbia University's historian Carlton J. H. Hayes, and business man Roger W. Straus are the co-chairmen. Herbert J. Osborne of the Central Hanover Bank and Trust Company, treasurer, will receive contributions. The Conference's address is 300 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

EVERETT R. CLINCHY.
Director, Nat'l Conference of Christians and Jews.

New York, March 29, 1939.

MARCH VISITORS SPEAK AT NECK MEETINGS

James A. Coney visited Allen's Neck Meeting, Dartmouth, Massachusetts, for the week-end of March 19. On Friday evening he showed moving pictures of Friends work in Africa, the W. C. T. U. film, "Pay Off," and a film he took on his recent visit to England. James Coney gave the message in Sunday morning meeting and also gave a friendly talk in the Bible School. On Sunday evening he showed his pictures at Smith's Neck Meeting.

Jennie C. Callister of Brooklyn, New York, spoke in the Monthly Meeting held at Smith's Neck, March 22. She gave a very interesting and instructive address on her trip across the country, with special reference to the number of isolated Friends she met on her travels, also her visits to Mission stations and Friends work among Indians.

The Women's Missionary Society of Allen's Neck Meeting has a comparatively small membership but the group meets monthly to make aprons and other pieces of fancy work, not only to help keep the Missionary idea alive, but they raise money for Missions. Approximately $144.50 was raised last year.

Allen's Neck Friends have been greatly encouraged by an increase in attendance at the Bible School, with Charles T. Gifford as Superintendent. A delightful social time was held at the Meetinghouse on Monday evening, March 27. This was arranged to wish health and happiness to Bertram and Maude Aylmer Frost.

The foundation of religion is a covenant. The first thing to be taught to a child about his relation to God is that God makes him a promise and requires a promise from him.—ALBERT E. DUNNING.

BOOK REVIEWS

Readers are urged to order all books through the Friends Book and Supply House, Richmond, Indiana

REACHING FOR THE STARS

BY NORA WALN

Little, Brown and Co., $3.00

Nora Waln, author of "The House of Exile," which pictures the beautiful side of life in China, has written a new book, "Reaching for the Stars," which Friends should be encouraged to read. She says her object in writing the book is, "to give a clear, true and balanced picture. I hope it will rouse wise men to help Germans to get back into the vanguard of civilized people where by merits of their talents they rightly belong."

In June, 1934, Nora Waln entered Germany with her husband who had retired from many years of civil service in China to study music in Central Europe. Miss Waln, a Philadelphia Quaker, who does not believe in the use of force or violence, presents a faithful picture of the Germany which she sincerely and patiently endeavored for four years to understand. Without prejudice and without hatred, the author writes of a people still human, naturally lovable and intelligent who seem to be suffering from some strange malady. "Is Germany dead?" she asked herself, "or does she lie as Snow White in a trance from eating a poisoned apple?"

In her efforts to understand the motive back of the brutal persecutions, the cruel betrayal of members of one's own household and the barbaric injustices, Nora Waln has delved in a scholarly fashion into Germany's past history, music and literature. In addition to this she had the good fortune to meet many of the important officials and scholars of today. Without condemning these people for their extreme nationalism, Miss Waln sticks to facts, always a seeker for truth. At times the reader is made to feel the author's amazement at the program of brutality which is carried forward under Hitler who at the same time shows himself to be gentle in his attitude toward little children.

As the book progresses one is made to realize that the German people as a whole are not in sympathy with the policy of the Nazi government, Miss Waln says, "None are conquered but those whose hearts have been won." She quotes a Hitler Maid as saying," The voice of Naziism is trumpeted, but the true voice of Germany is a murmur." Miss Waln says there is a murmur which is becoming increasingly clearer and she feels that some day Germany will free herself from the yoke which binds her today. She believes that the candles of freedom which Naziism has snuffed out will again be lighted and the present period of darkness will be dispelled.

"Reaching for the Stars" is written with a fine restraint which adds strength and power to the book. It is an informative and readable book written for intelligent people who are seeking the truth regarding Germany.

MINNIE HADLEY ZELLIOTT.

Des Moines, Iowa.

MY MEMOIR—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PRESIDENT'S WIFE

BY EDITH BOLLING WILSON

Bobbs-Merrill Company, 360 pp $3.50

"My dear Doctor, as you know, I am not a society person. I have never had any contacts with official Washington, and don't desire any. I am, therefore, the last person in the world able to help you." So replied Edith Galt to Dr. Cary T. Grayson, the President's physician, who besought her to receive Miss Helen Bones, cousin of President Wilson, who was carrying on in the White House following Mrs. Wilson's death and who sadly needed some friendly companionship in Washington. Given, a charming southern woman of this detachment, whom we find within the space of months thrust into the very heart of the nation's life in time of approaching war—and we have the highly dramatic setting of this engrossing book.

After continued persuasion from time to time, Mrs. Galt yielded to the Doctor's request, and through her intimate association with Helen Bones, came to know President Wilson. Incidentally, to those who would suppose that a favorable reply to a President's proposal might be assumed, Edith Galt's initial or tentative refusal, will be a matter of interest.

While the writer, a descendant of Pocahontas, gives a lively picture of her family background and girlhood days in Virginia, the greater part of her narrative has to do with her life as the wife of the President. In a foreword, she disavows any purpose of revealing official secrets. She writes, however, "I *have* revealed the truth concerning personal matters which has been often distorted by the misinformed."

The fact that no state secrets are divulged results in no diminution of interest in the story. After reading "My Memoir," we better understand and appraise Woodrow Wilson, seeing and appreciating the personal, home side of the man not revealed in the heat of public controversy and in the glare of presidential publicity. We find a lonely, lovable man—lonely in public life but lovable in family and friendly relationships; a man who presents a sometimes troublesome combination of warm, generous heart and stern Presbyterian conscience, as illustrated on their triumphal reception in Italy on the eve of the Peace Conference. The great event at Milan was to be a gala performance at the famous Scala Theatre or Opera House, for which the best talent in Europe had been assembled to present the stirring opera, Aida, whose motif was highly appropriate to the American President's championship of freedom. President Wilson was apprised of the arrangement but shortly before time for the curtain to go up. Imagine the surprise and dismay among the Italians when the distinguished visitor whom they delighted to honor said as it was Sunday he regretted he could not attend a theatre; that he never did that in his own country on Sunday, and he could not do differently somewhere else. We can't relate here the intriguing sequel.

In our interest in public men and events, most of us are like Budge and Toddy in "Helen's Babies," in desiring to "see the wheels go round"; in wishing to know the details of what goes on behind the public front. That's just what "My Memoir" does: it shows us how the wheels went round behind the scenes during those memorable years. It is true, there is considerable of detail that is more or less trivial. But what is trivia to one—details of dress and social procedure, for example—is meat and drink to another. Allowing for some natural display of intimacy and sentiment, we find the book well balanced in proportion and dignified in tone. It commands one's eager attention throughout.

Let it not be implied, because Edith Bolling Wilson claims not to reveal official secrets, that this volume has to do largely with personal rather than public matters. On the contrary, the personal is continually portrayed in the foreground of public events. Despite her former detachment from official life, she promptly threw herself into the thick of fast-pressing events for the purpose of giving her husband, not only the intelligent sympathy and counsel he craved, but effective help in handling details of administration. That this fellowship and sacrament of responsibility was deeply appreciated by the President is indicated by his evident high appraisal of her judgment and cooperation.

In one grim sense, "My Memoir" may prove to present a "deadly parallel." As one follows the writer in the rapid de-

velopments which led the nation to the declaration of war on April 6, 1917, he cannot but sense how surely today we are again following policies that place us on "the road to war." On Sunday morning, November 5, on the eve of the election in 1916, President Wilson entered his wife's room and outlined to her "clear as crystal his programme for the future." She adds: "Alas that I cannot repeat it, for it was destined to be put aside on account of the War, and so forever lost." Is it not always so? What depths of tragedy and realism are comprehended in those few words!

Though Mrs. Wilson seeks to write objectively of public men closely involved in administrative policies, it would be too much to expect of her to write dispassionately of some men—House, Lansing and Lodge, for example. Long before there was any suggestion of a rift between House and the President, she seemed to have an intuitive distrust of the suave Colonel. Stark tragedy is presented when, in the absence of his Chief in Washington, House surrendered much that Wilson had gained at the Peace Conference table. House met the President at Brest, on the latter's return to France, and was closeted with him to report ad interim developments. "I look back upon that moment as a crisis in his life," writes Mrs. Wilson, "and feel that from it dated the long years of illness, due to overwork, and that with the wreckage of his plans and his life have come these tragic years that have demoralized the world." When the President emerged from that conference with House she says: "The change in his appearance shocked me. He seemed to have aged ten years."

Began again the long, heart-breaking struggle to attain the goal of his ideals and to keep faith with his "boys" who had fought the war for those ideals. Whatever we may think of Woodrow Wilson's policies, this recital of events from that day until his physical collapse on his western trip, excites fresh admiration for a singleness of purpose and an indomitable will and courage that remained to the last. No gallant knight ever gave himself more unreservedly to the things he held more precious than life itself. One thing "My Memoir" makes clear: in his physical collapse, President Wilson never broke mentally, despite insistent rumors to the contrary. He continued to be President, in fact as in name, until the close of his term. That it might be so, his wife assumed large responsibility for a time, in sifting and preparing the matters which demanded his personal attention.

Although she does not write in a spirit to publicize herself, Edith Bolling Wilson was manifestly a strong influence if not a "power, behind the throne." She emerges as a woman of ability and force as well as charm, equal to the many difficult situations which presented themselves, whether in her own country or abroad.

"My Memoir," as elegantly published as it is excellently written, is on this reviewer's preferred list of recent books.

W. C. W.

The Week in Religion . . .

¶ Every week there appears on the church page of newspapers throughout the country a summary of the most important religious developments of national and international importance. This summary, called, **"The Week In Religion"** and released by Religious News Service, is regarded by editors and religious leaders as **the** authoritative news summary.

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●

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THE BOND OF HONOR

BY EASTON AND ROBBINS

Macmillan, 1938, pp. 112. $1.50.

As the sub-title indicates, this is a marriage handbook, intended to help ministers in their pre-marital instruction. It is written out of the demand made upon the authors as teachers in General Theological Seminary for help in planning the minister's part in marriage. Canon 41 now imposes upon Episcopal clergymen the duty of giving "instruction both publicly and privately on the nature of Holy matrimony. . . ." It is intended that this volume shall assist clergymen to meet this opportunity.

"The Bond of Honor" is based on the Protestant Episcopal marriage ceremony and the suggestions for instruction follow the wording, phrase by phrase, of that ceremony. Because of this, it will have less appeal to those of us having congregational polity with our freedom of wording in the marriage rites. It is probable that other books may, therefore, have a more helpful approach for us from the viewpoint of technique.

However, there are a number of splendid features that should be noted. There is a fine treatment of the origin and development of the marriage ceremony and the marriage rites; a proper emphasis upon the urgency of pastoral pre-marital education; and there is the most specific technique or procedure for pastoral instruction which the reviewer has seen in any book. Since the last is based step by step on the Episcopal ceremony, this lessens its value for those not using that ceremony.

Every minister will, nevertheless, profit in the reading of this handbook.

CECIL E. HAWORTH.

High Point, N. C.

HOW EASTER SEASON WAS OBSERVED AT WHITTIER

A community-wide Easter service on the highest peak in Turnbull Canyon, near Whittier, California, sponsored by the Whittier Young People's Inter-Church Council, was held at 5:30 a. m. Easter Sunday. This service, held opposite the "Singing Kettle" tea room at the summit of Turnbull Canyon, will be long remembered. Trumpeters heralded the sunrise, after which trumpeters and trombone players and the singing of Easter hymns hailed again the resurrection morn. Moses T. Mendenhall, pastor of the East Whittier Friends Church, was the message bearer. "The Holy City," as an instrumental solo, thrilled the hearts of those present.

The Easter 11 a. m. message at the Whittier Friends Church by the pastor, O. Herschel Folger, was on the theme, "Here and Hereafter." The choir, under the direction of Frank Pursell and with Grace Dixon at the organ, presented Maunder's "Olivet to Calvary," a beautiful Easter Cantata, at the evening service.

"Behold, Thy King Cometh," a Palm Sunday worship service, was held on April 2nd. This was one of the four unified services held during the year. All departments entered the auditorium as the processional, "Jerusalem" (Henry Parker), was being sung. Palm branches were used as arches for the gateway, symbolizing Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem. Special numbers were given by the Choir under the direction of Frank Pursell, with Grace Dixon at the organ. Our minister, O. Herschel Folger, gave the message of the morning, his theme being, "The Eternal Question."

Warren D. Mullin of the National Council for the Prevention of War was the speaker at the evening service. He gave a very interesting and timely address on the subject: "The Next War—Democracy or Dictatorship?"

On Sunday morning, March 19, instead of the regular choir, the First Friends Men's Chorus filled the choir loft, and with Frank Pursell, director, sang as a special message, "Unto the Lord." Many were thrilled and lifted closer to God.

Professor Roderick Scott was the messenger at the 7:30 service. He has spent many years as Professor of Philosophy at Fukien Christian University, Foochow, China, and recently returned to the United States. His wife is the daughter of Dr. Robert L. Kelly.

Our pastor's theme March 26, for the morning service was, "For Christ and the Church." The service was devoted to a review of the work of the fiscal year just closing and of plans for the new year. Attendance has increased in both the Bible School and morning services. Visitors from many States are in each service. One Sunday eighty-five such were present by actual count, which is about the usual number.

For the evening service the Fullerton Junior College Humana Symphony, an A capella Choir, directed by Ralph M. Holmes, presented a complimentary concert to Whittier Friends. Dean William T. Boyce of the Junior College and several of the instructors are members of the Whittier meeting. Members of the Choir were honored guests at a tea held in the Social Room following the concert.

Milo Ross and wife of Greenleaf, Idaho, who recently conducted a series of meetings at the Pasadena Friends Church, were acceptably received at the mid-week meeting on March 29. He gave a stirring message.

A day of prayer for the Yearly Meeting Home and Mission Fields was held at the Pasadena Friends Church on March 14. A number of our Whittier women who meet Tuesday mornings for the Prayer Retreat in the Social Room of the church united with the group in Pasadena. Pastors and others were in attendance from various meetings. The Divine Presence was in the midst as we worshipped and prayed together.

Mary Reynolds, assistant to the pastor, will leave July 1, for her home in Jamestown, North Carolina. She will return to Whittier in September when she will complete her work for her Master's Degree, and will also serve as an instructor in Biology and Geology at Whittier College.

SCHOONOVERS HOME FROM PALESTINE

Kermit and Grace Schoonover, with young son Eric, who were returning from their work of three years at Ram Allah, Palestine, made Richmond and the Friends Central Offices a port of call on April 6. In speaking of the tragic situation in Palestine they surprised and shocked us regarding the extent and deadliness of the strife that rages in that country. The British have recently determined to wipe out the warring Arabs, which they are doing systematically and relentlessly by raining bombs on belligerent groups. The mounting casualties are indicated by the fact that conservative figures estimate that ten thousand Arab children have been orphaned, creating an emergency relief problem. The Schoonovers will spend some time in their home State of Kansas before locating for service in this country.

Without the trials imposed by unreasonable people we should never acquire patience and self-restraint.

DO QUAKERS RECOGNIZE THEMSELVES?

What fearfully and wonderfully made folks these Quakers must be! Such would be the natural exclamation of an uninformed person on reading some of the articles concerning Friends which have been appearing in current periodicals of late. Before us, for example, is the April number of *The Commentator*, in which appears an article by Nina Wilcox Putnam entitled, "The Good People," with the sub-title: "Among society's greatest benefactors, the Quakers live up to the faith they profess."

The manifest desire of the author to do full justice to a religious group which she has apparently discovered only recently and which she has come to admire greatly, has led her to "overdo" in a way that is sometimes misleading and quite embarrassing. While the spirit and technique of the Society of Friends are pretty well interpreted on the whole, the reader would gather that all Quakers are paragons of godliness, generosity, self-sacrifice, consistency and self-effacing modesty.

We read that "it is a practical impossibility to be a Quaker and not live up to one's tenets"; that in meeting "he receives no lecturing sermon, but merely listens to the reading of leading questions which ask his conscience if he is doing as he should . . . he has no minister or priest, but only a council of well-tested elders of proven wisdom."

Worldly success is "a sort of duty" laid on the Quaker "since God has given him intelligence with which to succeed, and not to use that intelligence would be a form of backsliding." This is why, we infer, that "there are a great many very rich Quakers in America." To say the least, the lavish beneficence of these wealthy Friends in financing sundry relief projects, as reported by the writer, is marvelous in our eyes. She tells of some Quaker who lit out on a relief mission to Russia on such short notice that even his wife did not know where he had gone until she received a letter from the steamer!

With all due appreciation of the spirit and motive of Nina Wilcox Putnam, we could but remember as we read that she was first known to magazine readers as a humorist! In the course of her article she says: "It has been my interesting task recently, to make an exhaustive research into the history of the Friends Society in preparation for a novel of which this forms the background." We fear that the fictional element begins in this magazine story! Nevertheless we await with anticipation the promised novel.—W. C. W.

QUAKERDOM · AT · LARGE

For the third successive Easter the religious groups of Marion, Indiana, broadcast an Easter Sunrise Pageant over WLW and 126 affiliated stations. James R. Furbay, pastor of the First Friends Church of Marion, again had the leading role.

* * * *

As a sequel to the notice appearing on this page in our last issue, we are happy to report that Paul H. Douglas, Chicago Friend, and a member of the University of Chicago Faculty, was elected alderman from the Fifth Ward in the city election on April 4, and by a very substantial majority.

* * * *

Beginning Sunday, April 23, under the auspices of the Church Federation of Indianapolis, Errol T. Elliott, pastor of the Indianapolis First Friends Church, will appear on a half hour vesper program, consisting of music and speaking, over that city's new radio station, WIBC. He is scheduled to appear on these programs from 3:30 to 4:00 each Sunday from April 23 to May 28 inclusive.

* * * *

In anticipation "of things to come," Melva Edgerton has resigned her position as manager of the Friends Publication Board, following two years of highly meritorious service. She has been succeeded by Cleo Thornburg of Richmond, who has been engaged at Philadelphia for the past four or five years compiling genealogical records for William Wade Hinshaw.

* * * *

Concluding ten years of service in that capacity, Caroline G. Norment has resigned from her position as Dean of Women at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, her resignation to take effect at the end of the college year. It is understood that she plans to enter active work for the American Friends Service Committee, probably in its refugee section. For some years following the Great War she represented the Service Committee in Germany at the Berlin Center.

* * * *

It was given to Anna Hiatt Ankeney to celebrate her ninety-ninth birthday on March 20 at Whittier, California, where she lives with J. C. and Lorena Hodson. Her birthplace was near Vienna, Ohio. When she was fifteen years old the family moved to Oskaloosa, Iowa. At the age of twenty-six she was happily married to Will Ankeney and they lived in a beautiful home in Des Moines. In her younger years, Anna Ankeney was an ardent worker for Woman's Suffrage and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and is still interested in all Christian work.

* * * *

Harlow Lindley of Columbus, Ohio, Secretary and Editor of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society, gave an address at the Brighton Presbyterian Church of Zanesville, Ohio, on March 26, on "George Fox, Founder of the Friends." Carl Patterson, a member of the Barnesville group of Friends, led in the worship period of the meeting. This occasion marked the conclusion of a series of "Family Hour Vespers" in which the founders and principles of various denominations were presented.

* * * *

In listing H. Millard Jones among contributors to our last issue, we inadvertently substituted the word Peace for the word Temperance. He is Youth and Education Secretary of the Minnesota Temperance Movement, of whose aggressive work he speaks enthusiastically. He says that he is having more calls from schools, churches and youth conferences than he can possibly fill. Regular radio engagements have been filled and public sentiment against the present booze regime is being steadily developed. In short, the Temperance Movement seems to be on the up and up in Minnesota.

* * * *

Rufus M. Jones spoke at the Good Friday service in the University of Chicago Chapel under the auspices of the local Council of Churches, in which Chicago Friends participate. On that evening at a dinner meeting in connection with the 57th Street Monthly Meeting business session, Rufus Jones spoke on the newer aspects of the German refugee problem. . . . On the preceding Friday evening a dinner was given at Ida Noyes Hall of the University under the leadership of the Mid-West Section of the American Friends Service Committee at which an address was made by Charles J. Ewald on observations and impressions of the Spanish situation. He had recently returned from relief service in that country.

* * * *

Bertram Pickard, Secretary of the Friends Center at Geneva, contributed an admirable article of interpretation on "Present-Day Quaker International Service" to the first issue of the *Inter-Parliamentary Bulletin* for 1939, of which we gratefully acknowledge receipt of a reprint. Would that it could be substituted for some of the articles concerning Friends which are appearing in popular magazines from time to time. Our Friend makes it clear that the Society of Friends is not primarily a relief organization; neither is it just a peace organization, though, in the words of Margaret Hirst, it has "formed a Peace Society which has never adjourned, and never postponed to a more convenient season its labors for peace." It is first and always a religious society, the religious motivation lying at the back of the Quaker service.

* * * *

Under the sponsorship of the Friends Temperance Association of the two Philadelphia Yearly Meetings, a "temperance trailer" has made a transcontinental tour of over 10,000 miles, visiting more than one hundred cities and towns in twenty-eight States. According to the report made to the recent sessions of the two Yearly Meetings, the trailer has carried a total abstinence message to more than 150,000 persons in two and one-half months. Accompanied by a crew of three, the trailer is fitted out with various exhibits, including a "drunkometer," designed to dramatize the dangers of alcohol. The crew is provided with official introductions to the localities visited by the exhibit. Temperance lectures are delivered and questions from the crowd answered. According to the report, "no instance of acrimonious debate resulted." The report stated that the Association was pressing a legislative program for local option and stricter liquor regulations and that it was endeavoring to provide non-alcoholic recreation for young people.

* * * *

An illustrated feature story, "Games That Go Places," which appeared in a recent periodical, is devoted to the activities of Lynn Rohrbough, a Friend, who lives near Delaware, Ohio, and who is Director of a nation-wide organization known as Cooperative Recreation Service. Imbued with the idea that recreation is not just a means to some end but is something good in itself, what started as a hobby with him fourteen years ago has developed into a life purpose for helping people to make their leisure living more satisfying and creative. He not only is a competent authority on traditional games (most of the new games we play are old ones revived he tells us) which he explains how to play, but he shows folks how to construct their own games. "Thus," we read, "he leads young people from game playing to craft work, and frequently from craft work to an appreciation for fine woods and to wood carving as a creative activity." Lynn

Rohrbough spends about half the year in the well equipped shop and club and game room at his Delaware farm home, and the other half lecturing on recreation in colleges, camps and training schools over the country.

NEWS OF OUR MEETINGS

Margaret Rachel Farlow, Trinity, North Carolina, now working at Dudley in that State, has been recorded as a minister by Marlboro Monthly Meeting of Southern Quarter in North Carolina Yearly Meeting.

* * * *

The Half-Yearly Meeting of the Connecticut Valley Association of Friends will be held at Hartford Theological Seminary on Sunday, April 10. The morning Meeting for Worship will be held at 10:45 a. m., and a Dinner at 12. Augustus T. Murray will address the afternoon session which will begin at 1:30.

* * * *

New Burlington Friends (Wilmington Yearly Meeting) enjoyed a series of meetings of two weeks' duration when the pastor, Raymond Chapman, brought evangelistic messages. Good group music and special numbers featured all the sessions and the attendance of the membership and the community was excellent considering conflicting outside interest. The meetings deepened our sense of spiritual values and strengthened our spirit of tolerance.

* * * *

The Male Chorus of Colgate-Rochester Divinity School favored the Farmington, New York, Friends and the community with a concert of sacred music given on March 9. Professor G. A. Lehman, Director, who was formerly Professor of Music at Earlham College, sang two solos. Members of the Chorus enjoyed an evening of fellowship during the supper hour, for which members of the Padgham Class were responsible. The pastor, Charles Lampman, is a student at the school.

* * * *

During the past Winter, State College, Pennsylvania, Friends have enjoyed a series of monthly supper meetings followed by inspiring programs. Among those appearing on these programs were: Howard and Helen Yarnall who shared with Friends their pictures and experiences abroad during the summer; Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Broyles showed pictures and told of their visits to Friends Centers on a recent world tour; Errol and Mary Peckham and Levinus Painter told of developments at Penncraft; and Albert Martin who spoke on conditions in Europe. . . Friends' cooperation in community religious activities has been steadily growing. Outstanding among these were the participation in the Week of Prayer, and the visit of the Christian University Mission to the Campus, when members of the Faculty, students and townspeople participated in discussions of, "Religion in Life."

* * * *

The Choir of the Paoli, Indiana, Friends Church was honored at a dinner held on the evening of February 15, at which one hundred and ten church members and guests were present. Frank J. Long, pastor, was toastmaster, Edith Stipp, representing the members of the church, expressed appreciation of the Choir and Sarah Stout, Choir Director, responded. . . . Margaret Cammack was hostess March 17 at a colorful St. Patrick's Day luncheon given in honor of Frank and Myra Long's wedding anniversary. The Longs received a number of beautiful gifts and congratulations for many more anniversaries. . . . Our church enjoyed two weeks of pre-Easter evangelistic meetings with the pastor, conducting the services.

* * * *

The young people of Wabash, Indiana, Meeting met in the newly decorated church basement for a social gathering, March 7, when Edna Hopkins reviewed the Young People's Missionary study book. Games and contests were enjoyed later in the evening, after which refreshments were served. . . On March 9, the Ladies Aid and Missionary Societies met at the church for a silver tea, at which forty were present. The lesson from "City Shadows" was very effectively given by Mary Knoop, primary teacher in the city schools. An offering of thirteen dollars was given to missions. . . At a gathering on March 17, Albert Martin gave a vivid account of his work in Berlin, Germany, under the auspices of the American Friends Service Committee. . . Members of the Sunday School Council enjoyed a chilli supper and evening of fellowship on March 21. The Good Fellowship Class presented a very impressive playlet, "The Challenge of the Cross," to a large and attentive audience on March 26. . .Willard O. and Caroline Trueblood began a ten days meeting on April 5, these special services beginning with a good-fellowship supper in the church basement.

JEWISH-QUAKER WORSHIP SERVICE IS HELD

Lafayette Avenue Meeting of Brooklyn, New York, introduced a new note into it's usual worship program on Sunday evening, March 26, when a "Jewish-Quaker" worship service was held. Dr. Isaac Landman, rabbi of the Eighth Avenue Temple in Brooklyn, and the Cantor from his temple, joined Glenn Roberts on the "facing seats." In the congregation were about equal numbers of Jews and Quakers, with residents of the neighborhood also in evidence.

After a brief explanation of both Quaker and Jewish worship, all settled down into a service in which periods of Quakerly silence, songs sung in Hebrew by the Cantor, passages read from both Old and New Testaments, and prayers and devotional passages from the Jewish prayer book, were mingled together. All present testified to a feeling of enrichment of their accustomed method of worship by the addition of the phases from the worship of the other group. Quakers were especially impressed by the chanting of songs sung by Jesus of Nazareth in the synagogue services of his day, in the language he himself used, and by the solemnity of the Aaronic benediction pronounced by Rabbi Landman at the conclusion of the service, as it has been pronounced by Jewish priests and rabbis for thousands of years.

Rabbi Landman spoke feelingly of the long years that have elapsed since the Israelites first achieved freedom from Egypt—the first people in history to emancipate themselves from slavery—to the present, when a more cruel form of slavery than that of antiquity is being visited upon the Jews in some countries. He made an impassioned appeal for the growth of the spirit of brotherhood, and expressed appreciation of himself and his people for the active friendship of Friends in behalf of refugees.

Glenn Roberts suggested that while democracy was partly achieved in the years following the work of George Fox, as the State followed organized religion in the seventeenth century in granting freedom to majorities, the task of freeing minorities remained to be accomplished. He declared that the State will never face this problem until the Church has first solved its minority problem, and has overthrown all barriers of race, denomination, and social caste. Just as the minority problem has become a refugee problem in politics, it has become a refugee problem in religion, with many struggling and ill-equipped missions in rented "store fronts" striving to give spiritual aid to those who are not welcome in the denominational churches. He said that the Church can arise to its duty only as individuals within it are washed clean of the passions of hatred, selfishness and prejudice, and actively demonstrate the brotherhood of men in their lives.

The sense of friendship built up by the act of worshipping together was so strong that hosts and visitors alike lingered long after adjournment to talk individually with one another.

PRELUDE TO EASTER AT WOONSOCKET

Woonsocket, Rhode Island, Friends had a fine prelude to Easter, March 24, 25, and 26, during which time James A. Coney, Yearly Meeting Superintendent, visited our meeting. On Friday evening the annual church supper and Roll Call were held when James Coney appealed to us to "be more Quaker than we seem," and to keep our identity. As he spoke of the extensive relief work being done by the Friends for refugees, and the great need of such, it seemed to Friends as individuals and as a Society, that "Behold I have set before thee an open door" was never more clearly and truly ours. We were happy to have Josephine H. Carr, pastor of the Saylesville Meeting, with us at this time.

On Saturday morning James Coney, Harold N. Tollefson and Josephine Carr broadcast from WJAR, Providence, under the auspices of the Rhode Island Council of Churches. Harold Tollefson and James Coney sang a duet and Harold Tollefson gave a fine message on "Reflected Light." Josephine Carr offered prayer and was piano accompanist. This is the first time the Friends have broadcast for the Council and they have received messages of appreciation of their fine service. Harold Tollefson has been asked to speak at a later date.

We had a good attendance Sunday morning when James Coney spoke of the two factors in the world today, love and force, as personified by Christ and Pilate and assured us that in the end Christ must win. Harold Tollefson and James Coney sang a duet at the request of members of the meeting.

The Young People's Church Federation of Woonsocket met in the Universalist Church Sunday evening, when James Coney spoke of his recent experiences in Europe. In England he saw demonstrations of military preparations and the use of gas masks, all of which intensified his belief in non-violence. He stressed the need of Peace and Temperance and showed a moving picture of Temperance education, "The Pay Off."

Harold Tollefson has talked to the Bible Study Class in the Jewish Synagogue on the Book of Job, also at one of their Friday evening services on the "Principles of the Friends," and at the Providence Bible Institute on the latter subject.

ADDED AS THE PAPER GOES TO THE PRINTER

After we inserted a brief notice of the election of Paul H. Douglas as a Chicago alderman, we have been privileged to read an enthusiastic feature story concerning our Friend which appeared in the Chicago *Daily News* on the day following the election. According to the vivid story, as soon as his election was assured the "world-famous economist of the University of Chicago pulled his six feet three inches and 235 pounds up onto a table in his headquarters at 57th Street and Harper Avenue and, with obvious emotion, thanked the crowded hall of workers for their support in his election." The writer states that "in line with his belief in a decentralized city administration and more community government, Professor Douglas proposes to establish a Hyde Park Town Hall where the citizens of the Fifth Ward may discuss their common problems." A significant feature of his election was the nonpartisan nature of his wide support. Although he had the backing of the regular Democratic organization, various independent groups worked for him enthusiastically. It is said that virtually every Negro leader in the city supported his candidacy. "Alderman Douglas feels that the problems confronting these people are more serious than those of the average citizens because of their economic plight. He proposes to work for better school facilities, better housing conditions and civil liberties for Negro citizens." Ardent supporters of Paul Douglas are already acclaiming him as the next Mayor of Chicago.

The many friends of Garfield V. Cox, also a University of Chicago Professor and a member of 57th Street Meeting, who has been confined for more than a year in a Chicago hospital, will rejoice with us to know of his steady improvement of late. He is reported to be sitting up and walking some every day and gaining weight satisfactorily.

G. Raymond Booth is giving leadership to the work of the Canadian National Committee on Refugees. To enable him to perform this emergency service, the Toronto Meeting has granted him a six months' leave of absence.

Following an extended period of ill health, Mary Doan Hole, wife of Allen D. Hole, Professor of Geology and Curator of the Joseph Moore Museum at Earlham College, died at her home in Richmond on April 6.

DAVID B. JOHNSON

Friends of Mooresville, Indiana, Meeting of Western Yearly Meeting, and Friends in general have lost a valuable worker in the passing of David B. Johnson on March 20, 1939. He was born near Monrovia, Indiana, July 9, 1851, a birthright member of West Union Meeting. In youth he taught school for some years, and was married to Hattie C. Carter, who died in 1929. He became a pioneering farmer, dairyman and orchardist. He constructed the first silo in Indiana, in 1889. He was an organizer of farmers' study clubs which developed into the well known and valuable Farmers' institutes. He was one of the first field speakers under the auspices of Purdue University and for ten years was an Advisory Trustee of the Purdue Experiment Station. In January of this year he was cited to receive from the Purdue Agricultural Alumni Association its certificate of outstanding merit in agricultural fields. Only four men in Indiana have previously received this honor. He has served his township as trustee and his county as representative in the State Assembly. His four large and well known orchards near Mooresville have for years been models of their kind, and he has made definite contributions to practical pomology.

In his long span of active life he has always been a consistent Christian, an efficient Bible teacher, and a loyal supporter of his Church in all spiritual work and financial needs. His sincere prayers and fervent testimonies were frequently heard in the meetings. He was always sympathetic, progressive, optimistic. In his old age he was a wise counsellor, faithful in bearing witness, and forward looking. "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Funeral services were held at Mooresville on March 22, conducted by Albert L. Copeland, pastor.

BIRTHS

FORSYTHE—At Geneva, Switzerland, March 5, 1939, to James and Anne Forsythe, a daughter, Emily Anne.

SHELDON—At Poughkeepsie, New York, March 24, 1939, to Wilson M. and Ruth Badgley Sheldon, a daughter.

STANLEY—At Greensboro, North Carolina, March 17, 1939, to Joseph M. and Bernice S. Stanley, a daughter, Ruth Mary.

STOUT—At Greensboro, North Carolina, March 9, 1939, to Charles H. and Edith S. Stout, a daughter, Edith Carol.

MARRIAGES

FROST - GIFFORD — At Allen's Neck Friends parsonage, Dartmouth, Massachusetts, March 2, 1939, Maude Aylmer Gifford to Bertram Frost. James Wild, minister.

GURTNER-DOWNS — At the Wabash, Indiana, Friends parsonage, March 5, 1939, Marybelle Downs to Frank Gurtner. Clyde O. Watson, minister.

HASKETT-MILLIKAN—At Indianapolis, Indiana, January 7, 1939, Francis Millikan to Robert Haskett, grandson of Ruth Heston Stanley and the late Irvin Stanley of Westfield, Indiana. At home near Sheridan, Indiana.

RANDALL-DENNY—At New Palestine, Indiana, December 25, 1938, Bernice Denny to Odie Randall. At home in Westfield, Indiana.

DEATHS

HADLEY—At her home in Plainfield, Indiana, January 31, 1939, Mary Ada Lincoln Hadley, aged 79 years. Born in Hendricks County, Indiana, the daughter of Solomon and Cynthia Soot Bringle, she spent her girlhood in the home of Jared P. and Martha Stuart, after the death of her mother. Her education was received in the public schools of Hendricks County and later at Central Normal College. In 1880 she was married to John T. Hadley, a Friends minister, and in 1881 united with Friends and became a great help to her husband in his work. With the exception of one year spent in Kansas and five years in California, her entire life was spent in Indiana. She was a quiet unassuming person, always thoughtful of others. Surviving are the husband and two sons. Services were conducted by R. Furnas Trueblood, assisted by Albert L. Copeland.

HADLEY—At his home near Dexter, Iowa, March 25, 1939, Charles Edward Hadley, aged 65 years, the son of Joshua and Spicy Hadley. The early years of his boyhood were spent with his parents who were pioneers in northwest Iowa and he remained in the Bear Creek neighborhood throughout his life. In 1903 he was married to Grace Harris. A birthright member of Bear Creek Friends Meeting, his sincerity of faith was written in his daily life of quiet unassuming goodness. His pleasant disposition, honesty and interest in community life won him many friends. Surviving are his wife and five children. Funeral services were conducted by Benjamin H. Harris.

HEISTAND—At her home near the old Ottawa Friends Mission in northeastern Oklahoma, March 24, 1939, Margaret Foster Heistand, aged 83 years. She and her husband settled in Indian Territory nearly fifty years ago and soon afterwards joined the local Friends meeting. "Uncle Jerry" Hubbard was missionary at the time. When the Ottawa Mission was closed, her membership was transferred to the Miami Meeting and later to the Wyandotte Mission. She was a quiet woman, honest and faithful in her religious affiliations. She and her husband were influential workers in Friends Indian mission work in Ottawa County. Surviving are one brother, three sons and three daughters. Funeral Services were conducted by Westine Shufelt, her former pastor.

INMAN—At Portland, Indiana, February 17, 1939, Lydia Jane Inman, aged seventy years. The daughter of Levi and Patience Cox, she was born in Randolph County, North Carolina. In 1890 she was married to Thomas N. Inman, who preceded her in death one year ago. She was a faithful wife and mother and an untiring helper to her husband in his pastoral work in North Carolina and Indiana. In recent years their home was at Portland, Indiana.

MCMATH—At his home near Westfield, Indiana, March 1, 1939, Russel McMath, aged 32 years, a member of Westfield Friends Meeting. Surviving are his wife and two young daughters. Funeral Services were conducted by his pastor, Orval H. Cox.

MORGAN—At Wheeling, West Virginia, March 22, 1939, Arthur L. Morgan, aged 72 years. Born in Urbana, Ohio, the son of the late Simeon and Martha Cowgill

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Morgan, he was graduated from Earlham College in 1888, following which he studied civil engineering at Ohio State University. Upon completing his education, he entered the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad and remained with that organization in responsible positions for over half a century. In 1890 he was married to Martha Parker, who preceded him in death in 1936. Surviving are two daughters.

STANLEY—At Weldon, Iowa, March 24, 1939, Anna Stanley, aged 89 years, the daughter of William and Charity Cottingham. At an early age she became a member of Smyrna Friends Meeting and served it faithfully for many years. In 1873 she was married to William Stanley, who preceded her in death. Surviving are two sons and one daughter. Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Edna Hutchins.

UNDERWOOD—At Los Angeles, California, March 25, 1939, Sara Maria Leonard Underwood, aged 83 years. The daughter of Joseph and Adelade Folger Leonard, she was born in Osceola, Iowa. Her girlhood was spent near Shelbyville, Indiana, where she attended Little Blue River Meeting. After moving to Nebraska, she married Oliver Perry Underwood in 1895, who preceded her in death in 1925. They were members of Friends Meetings in Central City, Nebraska, Sawyer, Wisconsin, Indianola and Des Moines, Iowa, and Long Beach and Los Angeles, California. Surviving are a son and one sister. Funeral services were in charge of R. Ernest Lamb with David E. Henley and Clayton S. Brown assisting.

WOOD—At Pasadena, California, January 25, 1939, Mary Wood, aged eighty-seven years, the daughter of Greenbury and Hanna Tatum Wood. From early childhood she was an earnest Christian and interested in the church, particularly in its missionary outreach. She was faithful and loving in the care of her parents and after their death became associated with the Sunshine Mission of San Francisco. Her lifelong wish was granted early in this century when way was opened for her to go to China under the Mission Board of Ohio Yearly Meeting. She remained there for eleven years without furlough, mostly at Nanking and Luho. After her return she was for a time matron of the Home for Mexican Girls in Whittier under the care of California Yearly Meeting. The last twelve years of her life were spent in Scripps Home for the Aged, where her simple, sincere character and sunny disposition made her a general favorite. She was a valued Elder of Pasadena First Friends Church until her health prevented.

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Temporary Office of the Mid-West Friends Service Committee is at the home of the Acting Secretary, Jeannette F. Stetson, 615 South Maple Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois. Phone, Euclid 565.

Chicago Monthly Meeting, 1830 West 103rd St. Rock Island Suburban line to Beverly Hills, 103rd St. Station: Halsted-Vincennes or other surface lines to 103rd, transfer to car or bus. Milton H. Hadley, minister. 1640 West 101st Place, Phone Cedarcrest 2715.

Evanston Meeting, Maple and Greenleaf, Evanston. One block east of Ridge Boulevard, two blocks north of Main Street. Bible School at ten; meeting for worship, eleven. Lewis V. Benson, 745 Sherman Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

57th Street Meeting, 1174 East 57th Street, John Woolman Hall. Meeting for worship, 10:45; Religious Forum 11:30 a. m. Jeanette F. Stetson, Secretary, 615 Maple Ave., Oak Park, Illinois. Phone Euclid 565.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cincinnati Friends Meeting, Eden and Donohue Sts. Take either car 55 or 78 to University Ave., then walk east three blocks. Bible School, 9:45, and Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Robert M. Jones, pastor, 216 Donahue Street.

DENVER, COLORADO

Friends Meeting, 4100 Shoshone St. Worship 11:00 a. m., Church School, 9:45 a. m. Visiting Friends call Glen and Mildred Rinard, Ministers. Address, 4485 Decatur St., Telephone Gallup 8577 R.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

First Friends Church, Fullerton and Ohio Ave., in Noble School Bldg. Take Grand River car to Ohio, then two blocks north. Bible School, 10 a. m., Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Send names and addresses of people coming to Detroit to J. Edgar Williams, pastor, 11832 Ohio Ave. Phone, Hogarth 0624.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Friends Church, 17th and Toberman Sts. Bible School 9:45 a. m., worship 11 a. m., C. E. 6:30 p. m. Clayton S. Brown, pastor, 1913 W. 23rd St., RE-5673.

MIAMI, FLORIDA

Friends Meeting at 11 a. m. on First Days. 15th floor of Dade County Security Building, 1st Ave. N. E. near 1st Street. Friends from every section and others interested cordially invited. Mrs. Ellen Dawson, 312 E. 6th St., Hialeah, Florida, Clerk.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Friends Church, 1st Avenue South at 14th Street. Bible School at 11:10 a. m. Meeting for Worship at 10:15 a. m. Pastor, Wendell Hansen, 111 W. 45th Street.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Grammercy Park Meeting, 144 East 20th Street, Manhattan. Brooklyn Meeting, Lafayette and Washington Avenues. Meetings for worship First Day at 11 o'clock. Visitors welcome.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Friends Memorial Church, 23rd Avenue and East Spruce Street. Meeting for Worship 11 a. m. D. Reeves Shinn, pastor, 8525 Fourth Avenue N. E., Phone Kenwood 5567.

University Friends Meeting, 3959 15th Avenue, N. E., Phone Melrose 7450. Religious discussion, 10:00 a. m.; Meeting for Worship, 11:00 a. m.

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington Monthly Meeting of Friends, affiliated with Five Years Meeting, 13th and Irving Streets, N. W.; Bible School, 9:45 a. m.; Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Visitors welcome.

Friends Meeting, 2111 Florida Ave., one block from Conn. Ave. Meeting for Worship First-day at 11 o'clock. First-day school at 9:45. Friends and others interested are cordially invited.

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